

The Right Choice Or Home Ba-e

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Summary: When Greg's after hours went differently than expected.

Basically Grebecca fluff / one-shot. Takes place during 1x17 (Why is Josh in a Bad Mood?), also built around spoilers... Rated T for minor suggestiv language.

The Right Choice Or Home Ba-e

[A/N: Welcome to my story! :) This is basic fluff. Yeah. This is built around spoilers for the upcoming episode "Why Is Josh in a Bad Mood?", like published screencaps and one of the song titles, that have been teased in a MTV article. So if you don't like spoilers, you shouldn't read. It could happen like that from what we know, it doesn't have to though (of course not. I'm not in the writers' mind, so :D)

Ok also this is my first fic on here, for this show, and almost ever, I did like half of one a few years ago. Please comment and tell me, what you think! (:]

"You...what?"

Standing in the middle of her own appartment in basically her PJs, Rebecca watched Greg react to what she just said. He had just come out of his shift in Home Base, probably expecting something different to welcome him. His face displayed an odd mixture of surprise, disgust and ... a little other hint on it. She couldn't quite put her finger on what it was yet.

"Yeah, I have an infection. I can't...you know. I can't do_ the things_ today. Even if I wanted to."

"Oh. Ok. Wow." There. That _other hint_ grew. Greg was proud. Greg was proud?

She watched an almost stupid grin grow bigger. "What's it?", she raised an eyebrow.

"Um." He scratched his neck, in sudden embarrassment, but still smiling. "Well. Um, I mean. After all it's somehow.. because of me, that you've got it, isn't it?" He raised his eyebrows now, too.

Rebecca had to laugh. "Yeah, well," she admitted, "I guess so."

And there, the grin was back. For a moment, she could only stare at Greg's face. He was caught off guard, and what that was giving her was amazing. She could see, he really was impressed by what he had affected in her life. He was bummed, yes, but also delighted. She had barely seen such pure emotion on his face. Most of the times, he had kept his safely built walls of sarcasm and rudeness up around her. But now, after the last few days, she felt like she could see right into him. Maybe it were the antibiotics, too, but she could practically picture him, bursting out in a song about how "he gave her a UTI" and how that made him sorry for her, but also feel grand.

And also her own feelings surprised her. She wasn't mad. She wasn't preparing a sarcastic and slightly mean comment. She was instead tempted to hug him, and to thank him for being open to her. But before she could focus on this confusing reaction, a sudden pain brought her back to reality.

"Ugh. Ok, Greg, stay right here", she headed towards the stairs, "I'll be right back, just a little visit upstairs, make yourself comfortable, maybe watch some TV?" She climbed upstairs, and flashed one last look at Greg. He looked as confused as she felt.

As she shut the bathroom door, she would've bet that she heard Greg hum a melody downstairs. A melody she had heard seconds ago inside her own head.

Half an hour and lots of self analyzing later, Rebecca gave up on the toilet. With a sigh she left the bathroom. Meanwhile Greg had settled on the couch, watching TV. He looked up at her as she plodded down the stairs.

"So, what'll it be?" she asked, as she took the turn at the feet of the stairs. He chuckled at her bartender joke. "Oh, just one of these brainless afternoon shows that tries too hard to depict real life." He watched her amble the last few steps.

She let herself slid onto her big, soft, white couch right next to him and cuddled up against his side. The last few days had left her exhausted. Exhausted and filled with endorphins.

She ran her hand up to his chest, rested her head at his shoulder. His smell had become oh so familiar. A bit of his after shave, a bit of sweat, a bit of that worn out Home Base scent. And that mixed with a thousand other little things that made him ... him. His arm found his way around her waist, pulling her a little closer. Another thing that she got familiar to almost too easily. Another thing that she wanted to be used too, that she wanted to never loose again.

He turned his head towards her. When she met his eyes, he gave her a little smile. A smile that told her he was happy to be here, with her, no matter what they were doing. A smile that said exactly what

she had come to terms with herself to feel.

And so, she smiled back. Below all of their passion, beneath the lust and the rush, there was this little other thing, that made him give her a kiss on the forehead and that filled her tummy with a soft warm feeling. This thing, that she had been feeling before, that made her wanting him to be here. This little voice inside her that told her: "He may have been the latter choice."

"But he was the right choice."

End
file.